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For the National Era.

THE SAXON SERF: A TALE OF ENGLISH SLAVERY, IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT CHAP. I. The Forest of Sherwood He roles of Sacrasod.

He role half a mile the way;
He saw no light that came of day;
Then came he to a river broad,
Never man over such one rode;
Within he saw a place of green,
Such one had he nover erst soen.
Early Metrical Romannis. Guy of Warwick.

in the latter part of the twelfth century-when, in the reign of Henry II, fourth success or of the Conqueror, and grandson of the first prince of that name, known as Beauclere-the condition of the vanquished Saxons had be-gun in some sort to amend, though no fusion gan in some sort to amend, though no fusion of the races had as yet commenced, and tranquility was partially restored to England, the greater part of the northern counties, from the Treat to the mouths of Tyne and Solway, were little better than an unbroken chase or forest, with the exception of the fiels of a few great barens, or the territories of a few cities and free borough towns; and thence, northward to the Scottish frontier, all was a rude and pathless desert of morasses, moors, and mountains, untrodden save by the foot of the persecuted

Saxon outlaw.

In the west and north Ridings of the great and important Shire of York, there were, it is ing importance; several of which had been originally the sites, or had grown up in the vicinity and under the shelter of Roman Stative encampments; whereof not a few of them have retained the evidence in their common termination, caster, while others yet re-tained the more modern Saxon appellations. Of these two classes, Doneaster, Pontefract, Rotherham, Sheffield, Ripon, may be taken as examples, which were even then flourishing, and, for the times, even opulent manufacturing boroughs, while the vastly larger and more wealthy commercial places, which have since sprung up, mushroom-like, around them, had then neither hearths nor homes, names nor ex-

powerful barons already possessed vast de-mesnes and manors, and had erected almost royal fortalices, the venerable ruins of which still bear evidence to the power and the mar-tial spirit of the Norman Lords of England; and even more majestic and more richly endowed institutions of the church, such as Fountains Jorvaulx, and Bolton Abbayee, still the won-der and reproach of modern architecture, and the admiration of modern artists, had created around themselves garden-like cases among the green glades and grassy aisles of the imme-morial British forests; while, emulating the ex-ample of their feudal or clerical superiors, many a military tenant, many a gray-freeked friar, had reared his tower of strength, or built his lonely cell, upon some moat-surrounded mount, or in some booky dingle of the wood.

In the East Riding all to the north of the ancient city of the Shire, even then famous for its minster and its castle, even then the see and palace of the second archbishop of the realm was wilder yet, ruder and more uncivil ized. Even to this day, it is, comparatively speaking, a bleak and barren region, overswept by the cold gusts from the German ocean abounding more in black and stormy wolds than in the cheerful green of copec or wildred violate little in the storm of the cheerful green of copec or wildwood, rejoicing little in pasture, less in tillage, and hoasting of nothing superior to the dull marker towns of the interior, and the small fish og villages, nested among the crags

its iron coast. Most pitelessly had this district been ravaged by the Conqueror and his immediate successor, after its first desperate and protracted resistance to the arms of the Norman; after the Saxon hope of England fell, to arise no more, upon the bloody field of Hastings; and after tach one of the fierce Northern Risings.

The people were of the hard, old, stubborn.

Danish stock, more pertinacious even, and more stubborn, than the enduring Saxon, but with a dash of a hotter and more daring spirit than belonged to their slower and more slug-

gish brethren.

These men would not yield, could not be subdued by the iron-sheathed cavalry of the subdued by the subdu intrusive kings. They were destroyed by them, the lands swept bare,\* the buildings burned the churches descrated. Manors, which under the native rule of the Confessor had easily yield-ed sixty shillings of annual rent, without distress to their occupants, scarcely paid five to their foreign lords; and estates, which under the ancient rule opulently furnished forth a living to two! English gentlemen of rank with befitting households, now barely supported two miserable Saxon cultivatore, slaves of the soil, paying their foreign lords, with the blood of ther hands and the sweat of their brows, Careely the twelfth part of the revenue drawn

from them by the old proprietors. When, in a subsequent insurrection, the Norman king again marched northward, in full resolve to carry his conquering arms to the frontiers of Scotland, and, sustained by his ferocious energy, did actually force his way through the misty moorlands and mountainous mid-regions of Durham, Northumberland, and Westm reland, he had to traverse above sixty miles of country, once not the least fertile of his newly-conquered realm, in which his mailolad men-at-arms saw neither green leaves on the trees, nor green crops in the field; for the axe and the torch had done their work, not negligently passed neither standing roof nor burning hearth; encountered neither human being nor cattle of the field; only the wolves, which had become so numerous from desuctude to the sight of man, that they scarce cared to fly before the clash and clang of the marching

orkshire, including what are now Lancashire, Westmoreland, Northumberland, and Cumberand though the Conqueror, in his first irresisthed and countermarched across there was even at the time of my narrative, when nearly a century had fled, little if any thing of permanent progress or civilization, be-yond the establishment of a few feudal holds and border fortresses, each with its petty hamindeed, of Lancashire, toward its southern extremity, were in some degree permanently set-tied by military colonists; in not a few in-stances composed of Flemings, as were the Welch frontiers of the neighboring province of Cheshire, planted there to check the inroads of

of whose mountains, and late-preserved independence, their whilom enemies, the now pouted Saxons, had fied in their extremity. e, their whilom enemies, the now perse-

It is from these industrious artisans, then the scorn of the high born men-at-arms, that the trade had its origin, which has filled the bleak moors, and every torrent gorge of Lancaster and Western York, with a teeming population and a manufacturing opulence, such as, else-where, the wide earth has not witnessed. Even at the time of which I write, the clack of their fulling mills, the click of their looms, and the din of their trip-hammers, resounded by the side of many a lonely Cheshire stream; but all to the north and westward, where the wild-est hill-sides and most forbidding gless are now more populous and richer than the great-est cities of these days, all was desolate as the aspect of the scenery, and inhospitable as cli-mate that lowers over in constant mist and

Only in the southwestern corner of Westnoreland, the lovely land of lakes and mountains and green pastoral glens, beyond More-cambe bay and the treacherous sands of Lan-caster, had the Norman nobles, as the entering tide swept upward through the romantic glens and ghylis of Netherdale and Wharfedale, past the dim peaks of Pennigant and Ingleborough, established their lines in those pleasant places, and reared their castellated towers, and laid out their noble chases, where they had little interruption to apprehend from the tyrannic forest laws of the Norman kings, which, where ever their authority extended, bore not more harshly on the Saxon serf than on the Norman

To return, however, toward the midland counties, and the rich regions with which this brief survey of Northern England in the early years of the twelfth century commenced—a vast tract of country, including much of the northern portions of Nottingham and Derby-shire, and all the south of the West Riding of York, between the rivers Trent and Eyre, was occupied almost exclusively by that most beautiful and famous of all British forests, the imnemorial and time-honored Sherwood-theme of the oldest and most popular of English bal-lads—scene of the most stirring of the old Ronaunts—scene of the most stirring of the old Ro-maunts—scene of the most magnificent of mod-ern novels, unequalled Ivanhoe—home of that more than half-historic personage, King of the Saxon greenwoods, Robin Hood, with all his northern merrymen, Seathelock, and Friar Tuck, and Littlejohn, Allan-a-dale, wild forest minstrel, and the blythe woodland queen, Maid Marion—last leafy fortalice, wherein throughout all England proper lingered the sole remains of Saxon hardihood and independence-red battle-field of the unsparing conflicts of the rival Roses.

There stand they still, these proud, majestic kings of by-gone ages; there stand they still,

Who, British-born, the last of British race, Hold their primeval rights by nature's charter, Not at the nod of Cæsar;"

There stand they still, erect, earth-fast, and massive, grasping the green sward with their gnarled and knotty roots, waving "their free heads in the liberal air," full of dark, leafy umbrage clothing their lower limbs, but far aloft towering with bare, stag horned, and splinter-ed branches toward the unchanged sky from which so many centuries of sunshine had smiled down, of tempest frowned upon their "secular

adorning many a noble park of modern days, or looming up in solemn melancholy upon some one-tree hill," throughout the fertile region which hes along the line of that great ancient road, known in the Saxon days as Ermine street, but now in common parlance, called "the Dukeries," from seven contiguous domains through which it sweeps, of England's long-

Not now, as then, enveloping in its green bosom sparse tracts of cultivated lands, with a few borough towns, and a few feudal keeps, or hierarchal abbayes, but itself severed into divers and far-distant parcels, embosomed in proad stretches of the deepest meadows, the most teeming pastures, or girdled on its swelling insulated knolls by the most fertile cornands, survives the ancient Sherwood.

Watered by the noblest and most beautiful of northern rivers, the calm and meadowy of northern rivers, the calm and meadowy
Trent, the sweet sylvan Idle, the angler's favorite fairy-haunted Dove, the silver Eyre,
mountainous Wharfe, and pastoral Ure and
Swale, if I were called upon to name the very
garden gem of England, I know none that compare with this seat of the old-time Saxon forest. You cannot now travel a mile through that midland region of plenty and prosperity, with-out hearing the merry chime of village bells from many a country spire, without passing the happy doors of hundreds of low cottage homes, hundreds of pleasant hamlets courting the mel-low sunshine from some laughing knoll, or nestling in the shrubberies of some orchard-

Nor are large, prosperous, and thriving towns, rich marts of agricultural produce, or manufacturers of wealth richer than gold of Eldorado, so far apart but that a good pedes-trian may travel through the streets of a half a dezen in a day's journey, and yet stand twen-ty times agaze between their busy precincts in admiration—to borrow the words of the great northern Romancer, with the scene and period of whose most splendid effort my humble tale unfortunately coincides—in admiration of the hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks which had witnessed, perhaps, the stately march of the Roman soldiers." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

## From the Baltimore Patriot. THE BIBLE AT THE FAIR.

The Holy Bible, in reparate volumes, deposit ed for exhibition by T. H. Stockton, 68 Lexington street, Baltimore, Md. This is a model case of books—representing a new, copyright plan for the publication of the Bible. As to the model itself, this is a very neat affair, havthe model itself, this is a very neat affair, having cost in its preparation nearly ninety dollars. The case is of mahogany, about three and a half feet high, two broad, and eight inches deep. The body of it has three equal shelves, about eighteen inches long, six deep, and seven apart. The front, under the arch and along the edges of the shelves, is appropriately lettered, showing the different departments for the books, &c. The books are of duodecime size, of various thicknesses. are of duodecime size, of various thicknesses, according to the amount of matter in the Sacred Text in each instance, and sixtysix in number, representing the thirty-nine of the Old Testament, from Genesis to Malachi; and the twenty-seven of the New Testament, from Matthew to Revelation. They are half-bound, with smooth fancy calf backs, variously colored—so as to distinguish their several de-partments. Thus, the five books of The Law are in green, the twelve Historical Books in crimson, the five Poetical Books in orange, the erimson, the five Poetical Books in orange, the seventeen Prophetical Books in gray, sprinkled with red, the four Gospels in blue, the Acts of the Apostles in pink, the Epistles in brown, and the Aposalypse in purple. Each volume has two labels on the back—the upper one giving the name of the book, the lower the name of the author and the date. The volumes are regularly numbered also from 1 to 66 and the replace of the book, the lower the name of the author and the date. The volumes are regularly numbered, also, from 1 to 66.

The single plate of clear glass in the door allows all the inscriptions, with the books arranged under them, to be seen at a glance—so that the whole design is obvious and impressive. In a few minutes even a child may be enabled to understand the structure of the limble, by this representation of it—better, indeed, than by the ordinary instructions of years.

I was deeply touched by this kindness; but more by James's words and manner, when he maid, timidly, as if his happiness might deepen my grief, that "Emily L. had forgiven him his errors—that she would be his wife in the spring, and longed to have me come!"

For a time I may go to them, but that must and education

Having thus noticed the model, it is a mat ter of great importance to make a plain state-ment of the advantages of the proposed plan of publication. This, however, Mr. Editor, must await another opportunity. Very respectfully, yours,

## For the National Bra.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "A DIARY." \* BY MARTHA RUSSELL." Everything I most, Bearing that name, I read-and find how duty Whose progony are thoughts that glow with beaut

erenest thoughts which from the quickened soul Flow, stream-like - now in sunshine - now But musical, ever! and, where'er they roll,

Bright'ning with verdure, slope, and vale, an mendow, Till the wide Past, beheld through mem'ry's glass, Seems near-seems present-with this diff'rene

only: Its glooms are sunlit, and the cold mists pass Up to the laughing heavens! and I, so lonely In the thick murk erewhile, again behold Troops of dead hopes revive-and youth's rome

Seem less a mockery, as they tinge with gold The Present's leaden-hued and dismal fancies.

And who is she," I ask, "whose magic wand Thus calls up pictures, fair and strangely real. To haunt my soul, till, in its yearnings fond, It sees again the beautiful Ideal

f Boyhood's world?" For so she links my thought By her fresh thoughts, to memories dim and older That vanished days return, and life seems fraught With the clear splendors that made youth so golden hear again the spirits of the wood

Freighting the soft air with their breezy singing woo again the mountain's solitude, Whore sweetest wild flowers from the elefts are springing; half believe that love is not a lie

Nor life the cheat it seems to spirits jaded

With its fierce strife; nor immortality

A dream to mock us, when Earth's hopes ha if, in thy crystal fancies. I cam see

The calm true soul that sends them on their mis

and if that soul is templed fittingly, Oh, thou art lovely as a poet's vision! brow, thought-shadowed, yet screnely fair; A blue eve, brimmed with human tendernesses Lips, like a Psyche's, sweet beyond compare; Pale cheeks, half-veiled behind a flood of tresser

or brown, or golden, in the shifting light; And over all, the grace that gives completeness Thus dost thou stand before my mental sight-Thy thought incarnated in perfect meetness

know not now-perchance may never know-How like, this picture: but, if outward beauty Hath been denied thee—and it may be so— Then hath Dame Nature done but half her duty. Thus to the more than kingly Socrates-Thus to the fabulist, immortal Æsop,

of mental wealth she gave rich argosies, But dashed the sweet with rather too much hyssop Wise shall they be," she said : "but beauty-hum ! 'Tis well enough for fools. I never doubted-

Can make their way, if any can, without it Vell-be the case with you whate'er it may, Live long-write much-win fame-but its

Shall seem less grateful, in your dying day. Than the sobbed prayers from hearts you now

\* And a great many other good things, published in the National Era and other periodicals

A DIARY. BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

not speak of the past, but the russets were brought up, and we talked over the condition as familiar to me as to James, the comparative "clover piece" for spring wheat, the amount of available rail timber in the "over yonder" ence around the "Juniper lot," and James had rooted out their spreading branches. May he as easily root up his evil habits! But that can hardly be; yet, when I left this morning, as he placed the reins in my hands he said, earnestly, "You have trusted me as a man spoken to me as one, Elizabeth, and you shall see that I will be one!" Aye, with God's help,

Feb. 26th .- Another stroke of paralysis, and now my mother knows me no more—perhaps, no more on earth. I heard Mrs. F. calling to her daughter Mary, a moment ago. My moth-er will never call me again—never utter my name! This is tasting the bitterness of death Feb. 28th -A letter from Emilia Cranston How strange and unreal sound her gay words of "balls, and parties, and conquests" One thing gives me pleasure—as much as this weary heart can feel. Fred. H. did not go to

Europe, only to Cuba, and is now in New York.

Marca 20th — All is over! My mother — my all—lies pulseless and rigid in the room below.

I have sat by her for hours in a kind of dull stupidity, scarcely recognising anything, feeling anything but this leaden sense of loss.
When will the end come!
March 21st.—Last night I slept, for the first

time in four nights-a heavy, dreamful, troubled sleep-a counterpart of the day. Then I rose and went down to the white form lying so still there, beneath the white sheet, that which was my mother, and yet was not; and for the first time the tears sprang forth—tears for my-elf—not her. I could recognise the hand of God, but not trust it. Oh, how dark and lonely looked the way of life. I walked to the window and looked out through my blinding tears. Oh, how dreary and miserable seemed that prospect, which ever before had worn some new phase of beauty—that long strip of "tidal sand," the tall black stakes of the "fishing ponds," the ravening waves in the fore-ground, stealing ever in and in, as death had stolen on me—the waste of wild waters backed by a shroud of gray March mist, through which streamed faintly the weak beams of the

rising sun.
Suddenly, twittering down upon a bun cat-nip, whose dry stalks rustled beneath the window, came two little brown sparrows. As I watched them, hopping from stalk to stalk, picking at the dried seed whorls, I remembered His words—"Ye are of more value than many sparrows!" Did He send them? Oh, did He not!—for my heart accented their not ?-for my heart accepted their teaching, and was comforted.

March 23d.—I have looked my last upon that face, I have seen the dust heaped over the coffin, and comprehend the mournful signifi-cance of the old minister's words, when he

occupied by the Appendix and Student's Mem- and labor on until I go down to the grave, one

March 25th — "God said, let there be light; and there was light!" Primordial words! Yet, have they not a significant relation to the experience of every soul? Thus it hath been

Oh! the dismantling of our old home; the moving of furniture that seems to have been made to fill just those places, and none other; the rifling of drawers and the desceration of even friendly hands, touching the cherished relies of the dead! But it must be borne, that Mr. J. might have his "bond." He had kept

his promise, and I would mine.

After seeing the few relics I had selected sent off to Mr. F.'s, who had kindly offered me a home, I begged his wife to leave me to pass the last few hours of daylight alone.

Oh, these hours! too painful for me to re-call. The wild tumult of recollections that coursed through my mind, as I wandered from room to room—each one growing dearer and dearer, until in the gathering darkness, with a blessing on the threshold, I crossed it, never

The daffodils planted years ago, by hands now still in the grave, were out, and I gathered a handful, and stood leaning over the gate. How well I remembered the time when I was obliged to stand on tip-toe to reach the latch, looking up to the leafless boughs of the maples, upon which the pale sunlight still lingered.

Oh, those trees! They were rooted in my heart; they had mingled their low, slumberous

music with my mother's songs above my cradle—marmured solemn responses to my even-ing prayers, shaded my childish sports, my happy maiden dreamings; and was it not meet that they should be leafless, now that my path was all shadow! Then I remembered my father, as he lay in his open coffin beneath them, while friends and neighbors crowded around to take a last look ; I recalled the very play of the shadows on his pale face, as they lifted me up to kiss his cheek; and, resting my head upon the gate, I wept with the convul-sive bitterness of a child. How long I know not; I was conscious of nothing until, a deep, manly voice at my side said, "Elizabeth!" I did not see the face, scarcely the arms that were held out to me; but the next moment I was folded close within their embrace. What were earthly houses, homes, lands, to me then, when I knew the strong part beneath my head would shelter me force.

Winding his arms closer and closer about

me, as one cradles a weary child, he let me weep on until my grief spent itself in long-drawn sobe. Then raising my head, and draw-ing my arm through his, he said, "That will do, Elizabeth; you are getting cold."

I moved on at once; when did I ever dream

of opposing that tone, so quiet, yet so resistless! I did not even ask how he came there; it was enough that it was so. Nor did he tell; but enough that it was so. Nor did no war, instinctively divining, as it seemed, that my way lay towards Mr. F.'s, he walked on quietly, the shows of country life. But way lay towards Mr. F.'s, he walked on quietly, speaking of the shows of country life. But when within a few yards of the door, he paused, and, taking both my hands in his, said, earnestly, "Elizabeth, you have suffered excitement enough for one day, and too much; but, before we part to-night, it is fitting and right that I should ask and you should answer one question "I love you, Elizabeth. Tell me, is it as I have a door you have fully reserved to miss and letters which must be mailed before leav-

He had put me from him, and stood looking down into my eyes, with that deep, questioning gaze of his. For a moment, I could not speak.

"Elizabeth, my pupil!"
"My master! my all!" and then he gathered me to his breast—his lip met mine, and the garnered love of years was poured out in Suddenly loosing me from his embrace, he said, "This is wrong; you are faint and weary, poor child; I have much to say, but my words must wait until to-morrow. Let me come to

you, say at nine in the morning, and in the mean time please make such temporary arrangements as you wish, for we must be in New Haven tomorrow night." "Oh, for several reasons," he said, smiling

that old quiet smile—"the strongest, perhaps, because I have busied myself in arranging a home there, which refuses to seem home until certain treasure is there."

"But—but"——
"Oh, you know, of old, that I never enterof available rail timber in the "over yonder" tain 'buts.' You have promised to trust me woods, and, before I slept, we had run a new for the future, and I mean henceforth that the trust shall be no sinecure. There-now prom ise me you will go in and go to sleep; promise my darling."

My darling! Are there sweeter words in our mother tengue! I promised, but how can sleep? There are nights enough to come, in which to sleep; but these emotions—they come but once in a lifetime; there may be others. deeper, richer, more intense, but these come never again! His darling!

New Haven, April 10th —He came that morning, and after some explanatory chat with dear Mrs. F., I went up stairs, at his suggestion. to put on my travelling dress, in order to take short walk before the carriage came which was to take us to the city. When I came down, T. was still talking earnestly with Mrs. F who inspected my dress closely, (it was the pretty travelling dress I had in H—\_\_\_) pulled plait here and another there, and seemed al-ogether nervous and excited, a thing very un-

usual for her. We walked on, talking of the past, calling up the days of my pupilage, and the words and glances which had at once said so much and so little, until we stood by my mother's grave, silently a few moments; then he said.

are both orphans, and both free-free to act as we choose—are we not, Elizabeth?" And I answered, "Yes."

"Then, go with me."
I did not hesitate, though I apprehended his meaning when he drew my arm through his and led me into the church, where were gathered the old minister, Mr. and Mrs. F, and a few of the old neighbers. In a few moments our hearts, and turned to meet the congratulations of the few friends. T. spoke for me, kindly and gently thanking them for all their kindness, and then, in his quiet way, stepped past them, and placed me in the carriage waiting at the door.

My wife, my own wife!" he whispered, as he took his seat by my side. Ah, then I saw my mistake! Then I knew that there were sweeter words than those of the evening before; but, surely, none in earth or Heaven that can equal these!

Now we are at home-a pleasant home, aye and a rich one, for it contains two happy hu-man hearts. I have been too happy to ask an explanation of the past as yet. But that an explanation of the past as yet. But that Mrs. N.; I'll ask him about her when he lays down that paper.
"Harold, how was it about that Mrs.

Come, explain." "Yes, darling, when you please to enlighten "Oh, you quibbling lawyer, why don't you tell a straight story, and say you were com-"Because no man is obliged to criminat

himself, especially when he is not guilty."
"But wasn't you a little, well—interested
her at one time?" "No, if by interested you mean anythin more than mere acquaintance. Surely, you do not believe it?" and he came round to a seat

on the sofa, by my side.
"No, indeed; but what was there about it The interest was on her side, then, was it not?

"Your aunt, for one."

"And you believed it?" "Well, I must confess, my opinion of your penetration is lessened perceptibly."

"Very likely—a not unusual experience with married ladies, I believe. But, Bessie," he went, on prisoning my hands in his, and speakmuch for you; but it seems you defended her like a true knight-errant"

"No, no, Harold; say rather it was a proud woman's expiation for giving, as she thought, her heart unsought." "My poor Be-sie," he said, thoughtfully, raising my head from his breast, "you must have suffered.

"I did; but tell me, you have seen Doctor "Yes, or I should not have you sitting by

my stay at uncle's—all my trials, struggles, and temptations; and he, my noble husband, he understood them all, and pointed out to me their uses—how they had widened and deepened my sympathies with humanity, made me stronger and wiser for the battle of life, until I

could only weep happy tears.

Then I showed all my weakness, my want of faith; but he only answered, drawing me and a port-hole for a window, through which.

" My bride, my wife, my life! Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me."

## For the National Era. BELL SMITH ABROAD.-AT SEA

DEAR DOCTOR: We left New York in the ings of Pier No. 4. I had intended, for months before, to devote that hour of parting to sub-lime emotions; but, to tell the unromantic truth, I was so heated and confused by the little annoyances and unlooked-for occurrences of the morning, that I had nothing but a feeling of a dense crowd under a low awning, and a confused notion of the whereabouts trunks, four boxes, two carpet bags, three cloaks, guitar-box, and a bird-cage, which seemed to me certainly to have been left in the Astor House, or distributed over the dirty streets of New York. On the morning of our departure, I found a multitude of necessary things undone. Lucy, poor child, could not help me; and D. had gone off to get shaved, which I knew would ope—does your heart fully respond to mine— and letters which must be mailed before leav-ill it trust me forever?" on one side was advising me to take champagne in case of sea-sickness, and Mrs. W. on the other was beseeching me to send her the latest new bonnet, I caught sight of the anxiously sought-for individual, seated in a hack, calmly surveying a barricade of hacks and omnibuses which, probably employed by the hour, were content to remain there the entire day. captured him, under protest, and arrived at the boat as the bell struck twelve. Immediately the floating-world slipped cable, and with great waving of handkerchiefs, loud huzzas, and

a shrill shrick from the engine, which seemed a cry of angry dismay, we splashed into the bay, "outward bound." The choicest bits of emotion I have ever beer blessed with have come unexpected. I never sat out to be delighted, awe struck, or aston-ished, that I did not mourn over a total failure. An ordinary picture, in an unexpected corner, has won more admiration and given more pleasure than whole galleries of famous old masters. I saw New York gradually disappear, and my mind, in place of bidding adieu to the great world we call our own, and which for so nany days, months, and perhaps years, would be dreamed over or remembered, kept running on a handkerchief that I was satisfied I had eft in my room at the Astor House, and, of course, never to be seen by the real owner again. A small matter, that handkerchief, light and delicate enough to have been a gift from Oberon to Titania, and yet it was large enough to cover New York bay, Brooklyn, and all the surroundings so generally seen through tears by departing travellers. By force of will, I disposed of the handkerchief, and was becoming tranquil, when D. asked what had become of our passport — if I knew anything about the keys—had not the brandy and Jamaica ginger been forgotten? All of which sent me from the deck to our cabin, before un-visited. Our entrance was greeted by a comhis questions. The ginger, hair oil, brandy, and cologne, had all been tumbled by poor little Lucy into a carpet sack, which, when opened, presented, as D. said, a "considerable smash"—the mingled liquids dyeing our nightdresses, which by the process seemed to suffer a "sea change unto something rich and strange." I sat down, and laughed and cried,

strange." I sat down, and laughed and cried, as D., with a rueful countenance, pulled out the various articles and held them up, making queer comments. He wanted to throw them all out the window, and let the fish experiment—asserting that they would play "Old Gooseberry" with the sharks, as he did not think any digestion would be good against of sea-sickness, we might be the means of saving the life of some aged and infirm whale.

Upon our return to the deck, the engine had ceased its throbbings, and we were heading in towards a low, sandy island, graced by a lighthouse, but otherwise barren enough for house, but otherwise barren enough for Whits to run out and play Robinson Crusee on. A boat was being lowered, with a dozen men in it, and, I was informed, a party made up of patriotic Frenchmen in reduced circumstances, who had hid themselves in the vessel, hoping in this way to win a passage to their sunny in this way to win a passage to their sunny land of grapes and gaiety. Poor fellows! what golden hopes they had seen melt away upon foreign shores, and now, sick at heart, were willing to undergo any hardship to get back once more to wives and children. My heart ached as I saw them turned homeless and penniless upon the sands. But such sympathy is in great danger of being misplaced. I but a few days before began crying over the parting scene gotten up by some Irish in the cars; but, before I could get at my pocket handkerchief, Paddy and Co. were Isughing as heartily as before they had howled. And even in this instance the unfortunate exiled indulged in sev-eral merry capers upon the sands, and gave us a parting shout, mingled with laughter, that, a parting short, mingled with laughter, that, ringing over the waves, cheered me up considerably. Wives, children, and French generally, were not in such a bad way, at all.

We saw the sun go down at sea. Was surprised at the number of passengers possessing a taste for this beautiful final to a summer's

deed, than by the ordinary instructions of years.

It may be well to add that, though mere models, each of the volumes contains a printed copy of the book whose name it bears, taken from Bagster's Treasury Bible. The remainder of each volume is blank paper. In the new edition, now proposed, the Sacred Text, being in fair, open type, will fill about half of each volume. The other half is intended to be more among these Level 1 and are those waiting to be taught.

The interest was on her side, then, was it not?"

It hought I taught you long ago not to ask impertinent questions. Now it's my turn to catechise. Now it's my turn to catechise. Why didn't you marry young H.?"

Who half if interest was on her side, then, was it not?"

It thought I taught you long ago not to ask impertinent questions. Now it's my turn to catechise. Why didn't you marry young H.?"

Who half if though the summer's day. Indeed, they preferred it to their diuner, and clung to the deeks, while a few ancient mariners were uncorking champage and enterplying substantials below. Among the remaining substa

the briny deep than otherwise." One can never be on familiar terms with old

cean. I am satisfied the last night at sea will be strange as the first. The sailors who all pother. Every timber, every plank, seemed their lives have been tossed upon its restless possessed of a voice, and complaining bitterly my side, my wife, the dearest sight a man can see on earth—at least, not until long years, perhaps of trial, had taught me the truth."

their lives have been tossed upon its restless waves, until their hirth-marks of character are washed out, and they become a people unto "And he told you that I"——
"No, he said no such thing. But he called himselt and me all manner of hard names, and ordered me to come right down to M., 'an' I loved him.' Moreover, he told me Mr. H. is to marry his cousin, Miss Emilia Cranston."

"Good!" I exclaimed; and then, sparing H. as much as possible, I told him all the story of my stay at much as possible, I told him all the story of my stay at much as possible, and the told enter the second control of their habitation as we do on the dells, hills, and meadows, of our homes. "to's a flyin' in the face of heaven, for men to be goin' up in smoke bags," said an old countryman to me, once, white witnessing a balloon ascension; "if the Lord had intended us to fly, he'd a given to soliciting the honor—which boots surlily described by the stool lengthened as the stool engagement of the lord had intended us to fly, he'd a given to lengthened the thing done with "—seemthemselves, I am convinced, never look upon their habitation as we do on the dells, hills, and meadows, of our homes. "to's a flyin' in the face of heaven, for men to be goin' up in smoke bags," said an old countryman to me, once white witnessing a balloon ascension; "if the Lord had intended us to fly, he'd a given to leave the stool lengthened the thing done with "—seemthemselves, I am convinced, never look upon their habitation as we do on the dells, hills, wask-basin dance a stately minuet over our floor. With what dignity and ease the stool characteristic and the thing done with "—seemthemselves, I am convinced, never look upon their habitation as we do on the dells, hills, wask-basin dance a stately minuet over our floor. With what dignity and ease the stool characteristic and the thing done with "—seemthemselves, I am convinced, never look upon to the first and meadows, of our homes. "to's a flyin' in the face of heaven, for men to be goin' up in the face of heaven, for men to be goin' up in the face of heaven, for men to be goin' up in the face of heaven, for men to be goin' up in the face o sea in great ships. We have not been provided with stomachs nor fins. I looked around the little room in which we were to live twelve days, and wondered whether I should get used still the stately minuet went on, and on, and to and love it at last. Your thousands of read on, to music that seemed made up of trombones ers out West, who never saw such a thing, must and squenky fiddles. imagine an exaggerated store box set on the top of a tec-totem, with two shelves for berths. when open, the sea roared, making you feel as if two huge shells were clasped over your ears. Of the berths, from first to last, I could make nothing: the mystery of getting in and ou puzzled my weary brain the last night. I felt so like being coffined the first evening, and feared so positively that the upper shelf would To the Editor of the National Era: break down, that I pulled my mattress on to the floor, and in the morning waked with my feet higher than my head—feeling so miserabl ridiculous that I did not know whether to laugh or cry. I did the first; for I saw D. balancing himself on the upper shelf, in evident doubt whether to climb or tumble down; and on ask-ing how he felt, he responded, with a most rue-

countenance, that he was "an ancient mariner, whose home was on the mountain wave. We had a motley collection of passengers Captain Noah, when commander of his highwater craft, had not a more singular collection of creatures. Next to me, at table, sat a Ger man Baron, with an immense quantity of hair on his countenance, and a castle on the Rhine He is a gentleman, however; and, like Cardi nal Wolsey, porsesses an unbounded stomach He can eat anything, almost—almost, I say for pine-apple dipped in beer, with sea biscui and cheese, did prove too much, and for some

days the Baron was not seen by men. In the way of eating, and discoursing thereon, however, the fashionable author of the "Upper Two Dozen" and an English officer, superb dinners these savans had partaken of; what peculiar, delicate dishes it had been their fortune to be ravished over; how often they had been poisoned, cruelly poisoned, and suf-fered extreme penalty, from vile compounds instance, one day at dinner, when our vessel was rolling in that easy sweep over the long swells that keeps one in such a state of dis-tressing uncertainty between hunger and sea-sickness, our author began—

"The prejudices, my dear sir, against some delicious articles of food is really astonishing proper use, and now science has been able to get over the hind legs only. I tell you, nothing has been made in vain, and the day is not far distant when buzzard-frieassee will be esteemed a famous delicacy. Permit me to give the tell you have been great—his pay comparatively small. He is in receipt of a Government pension, and that, in connection with the proceeds of his works, produces enough for his comfortable support. a famous delicacy. Permit me to give you an Our conversation turned upon the United illustration: I had a cook, once, a capital fel-States. I soon discovered his knowledge of us experiment, impelled by his wonderful genius, the Empress Marie's favorite monkey, and had to fly for his life; and this proves how nearly the affections are allied to our digestive organs. The Empress was so delighted with the disl that she never rested until she discovered of what it was composed. The Bible, you know, speaks of men without bowels. Well, as I was saying, I was surprised at my house one day by a party of distinguished diners, who came pur posely to try my cuisine. There was not an article to speak of in the house; Barbetti looked puzzled for a second, but only a second Hang me if I knew balf the time what I waeating We had a dinner—superb, wonderful dinner—and, in the midst of our raptures at the real bill of fare. My dear sir, a little wine, er, a little amusing in itself, which is worth if you please. It consisted of a Cincinnati ham, my favorite pointer, a poll-parrot, six kittens, and four rats—the last done up in sugared

pastry as a dessert."
"What became of him?" "Died. True to his character, died trying the effect on himself of an ordinary New York dinner—died in horrible agony."

such a quantity of excellent preventives. He argued, however, that taken by some larger creature as a homeopathic dose, and as all the lils that fish were her to must be some species that the model of the break. I concluded that West was not altogether pleased with his "republican cousins."

I think it may be set down as a fact, that bouts. We were generally notified of the breaking up, as one of the company always made an attempt to climb into the machinery, and was repulsed with loud outcries; while another, descending into the cabin, invariably turned to the right, instead of the left, which brought him to the state room of a dyspeptic old gentleman, and a pitched battle was the consequence, which disturbed the entire community before peace could be proclaimed. These gentlemen—all bearers of despatches, by the by—by their great good nature and fine flow of spirits, did more to enliven the passage than all the others together. There was no resisting their others together. There was no resisting their continual jokes, and lively, rattling conversa-

you know girdled the earth, and alone; a German savan, who had an entire state-room to himself—the boat was not crowded—with the charitable to his race, is the true Christian. geological specimens, who kept diving down and bringing up startling rocks, whenever he could get one to listen to his theory, that the earth was originally nothing but fog—a theory we were much inclined to accept, for we saw nothing but this article, and of the the densest nothing but this article, and of the the densest kind, two-thirds of our way—I believe the largest class world could be made several times largest class world could be made several times
during our trip; an eccentric Frenchman, who
had been speculating in American lands—made
the rest of our notable passengers. We had,
the captain assured us, a large collection of
unknowns, who would keep their state-rooms,
in various stages of disgust and misery, until
the steamer arrived at Havre.

ing bo-peep with the horizon, and a deathly if a portion of the waves were struggling back from the fearful precipies. Old, gray-headed admiration. I resolutely denied being at all conservatives, who vocaferated and fought the sick, and, indeed, enjoyed some hearty laughs.

Colonel H. and D. had been boasting of their power of resistance—claimed to be "old salts," no purpose. And now, as the waters roared sea dogs," and other expressive names. The around us, it seemed as if a portion were doing first waves brought D. down. He said he was battle in our behalf-how the immense waves ing gravely, "you ought not to regret it, for it taught me the best lesson I ever learned—how dear you were to my heart. I hoped that the absurd rumor about Mrs. N. would do as the series Colonel H. rushed up, with his bandkerchief instead of his dinner in his rible billow would lift its head and seem suddenly to get sight of our vessel, and with a wild "a miserable man, and nary salt to sneak of."
"wished he was dead." &c.: and in the midst of his miseries Colonel H. rushed up, with his fall back in wildest tumalt—how way off a termouth, and for the space of fifteen minutes was | denly to get sight of our vessel, and with a wild speechless. His first utterance was a gasping remark that he had no idea he was so bilious Both wandered about, looking like star-candles. devoured, other waves would rush abruptly Both wandered about, looking like star-value.

I heard D. proposing to the Colonel that he should step out and make affidavit to the effect boat strode bravely on, leaving them blindly boat strode bravely on, leaving them blindly fighting way abaft. For hours way into the fighting way abaft and looked upon the uproar, night I listened to and looked upon the uproar,

until D. dragged me below. Below, the old boat was making a terrible to each other. "Bad times" -- "sorry they come "-" wished the thing done with "-seemed whined and groaned out in every conceiva-

I was startled from my dream by a fearful outery near us; and we rushed out, frightened terribly, to find that the German savan's speci mens, placed in the upper berth, had fillen down and nearly killed him.

## LETTER FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Sept. 30, 1853.

The great minds of English literature contemporary with Byron are fast disappearing from earth. But a few months ago, Tom Moore was carried to the grave; and, excepting Leigh Hunt only, there is not one now living of the brilliant intellects which shed such lustre on England in the early part of the present century. He is the only link left us of the chain, and a brighter could not be desired. His name shines, and will shine, in the literary constellation of his day, to other ages; and his pure and bappy thoughts, as expressed in his works,

will be as "jars of honey" to many. I think the mass of Americans know more English literary men than the English do themselves; and a man who was personally known to Byron and whose writings have made him famous, is oftener the object of our esteem than that of Englishmen—because we know his mind through the medium of books better than they do.

Leigh Hunt is nearly seventy years of age His appearance is prepossessing, and he bears no resemblance whatever to the many inexressive attempts at his likenes. I have seen He is spoken of as the "gray-haired boy," and who had places not far from us, carried things to "a high pitch of perfection." I had not until enlightened by these learned gentlemen, is about five feet seven inches high, of delicate long wavy hair, white as snow, and a bright eye, full of kindness. His voice is soft, silvery, musical. His manners are easy and refined. Although not so tall by any means, nor yet so robust in figure, he reminds an American of prepared by villains disguised as cooks, I can not pretend to remember. To such an extent has the art been cultivated, that many things which would disgust an unsophisticated stomach are to be considered prime luxaries. For mattee of Peausylvania. Of her he loves to instance one day at dimper when our vessel

phia, the city of her birth.

Not one of the literary contemporaries of Leigh Hunt, whose names are as familiar to the reading world as his, felt poverty so keenly as he Early thrown upon his own resources delicious articles of food is really astonishing—
remeants of barbarism, I assure you. Now,
for Instance, some species of snake are quite as
good in the hands of an artiste as your cel. It
and fame, but not much money. His labors

Our conversation turned upon the United low—indeed, a man of infinite genius—had he stooped to books, I have little question but that most well-informed Englishmen. He expressbe would have at once been recognised. I got bim at a great bargain. He cooked once as an experiment, impelled by his wonderful genius. matters. Like many Englishmen, he has a desire to visit the United Scates, and if his age was not against him, he probably would. All intelligent persons know something of his hig-tory. His father was a West Indian, his mother a Philadelphian and all his brothers was a Tory," and had to fly from the vio-lence of the "Democrats," as Leigh Hunt calls the Whigs of that day, and took up his residence near London, where Leigh was born. He has an American feeling, and such is found to exist in the descendants of "Tories" generally on this side of the water. He told er, a little amusing in itself, which is worth repeating. The young man, feel ng a pride for his American cousins determined upon paying them a visit; and with an eye to economy, and paying expenses, took several of the artist's works with him for exhibition. He relatives received him very well, except one particular old gentleman; and "he, being an inveterate dinner—died in horrible agony."

A party of young gentlemen from the South and West—some proposing to be students in Paris, others on pleasure bent—messed togeth—young West to be thus rebuked; and from

never see; and his beautiful poem, "About Ben Adhem," finds a response in every heart.

"All Americans," said he, "speak to me about it; and I am inclined to think its popu-The sentiment touches the feelings instantly

forted by a knowledge of the possession of means which put him beyond the possibility of want. It is a consolation that Leigh Hunt is provided for in his latter days. He is a healthy man now, and his life may yet be prolonged another decade. Cheerful, intellectual, viva-cious, full of anecdote, and instructive in con-

were passing gaily, treading on flowers.

It is matter worthy of remark, that the Government that imprisoned him in his youth for the merest possible expression of liberalism, is now repaying him with a pension. I have alluded to this before, but it is worth repeating.